

The Dying Sailor.

Come Brother Sailor and don't fall asleep,
Pray night and day or you'll sink in the deep,
Hope is the anchor and this you must keep,
If you want to sit with Jesus in the Life Boat.

CHORUS.

Let me in the Life Boat,
Let me in the Life Boat,
She will stand the raging storm :
Let me in the Life Boat,
Let me in the Life Boat,
She will bear my Spirit home.

The storms are heavy the winds are loud,
The thunder is rolling and bursting in the cloud,
Father and Mother are calling so loud,
Jesus will take us in the Life Boat.

Some are at the helm and some are down below,
The ship is dashing and her decks are overflowed,
See every Sailor is standing at his post,
Waiting for orders from the Life Boat.

Now Brother Sailor the voyage is short,
Hoist up the sails and we'll soon make the port,
Call for the sailors and send them aloft,
For Jesus is coming in the Life Boat.

Now Brother Sailor the voyage is done,
The battle is fought, the victory is won,
Go tell your shipmates what Jesus has done,
He took the dying Sailor in the Life Boat.

All glory to Jesus for what he has done,
The storms I've passed and I've reached my home,
With angels in glory I now sing the song,
My soul is safely landed in the Life Boat.

Self-Examination at the Bar of Conscience.

BY NOSAM.

In the whirl and excitement of life, it is well for men to halt occasionally to know of their welfare. Very few men know their true condition, and the reason is because they have not given their heart a fair, impartial trial. Many men take the lamp of God's Word and enter into some of the less important apartments of the soul. They see in one room that it has been neglected and needs a little cleansing. In another room that is not often used they conclude that a little rearrangement of the disordered furniture will set everything right. After the examination they have a pretty fair opinion of themselves. But the cupboards and recesses and closets, where the treasures have been stored away and kept, do not come in under the general examination. We are too easily satisfied with a superficial and hurried glance at the less important part of self.

Here is a man with a twenty acre field. It is one mass of rag weed and thistles and burdock and other useless weeds. You say, "How does it come that you are so careless and indifferent? The weeds are choking and killing your crop." "What do you mean?" is the reply, "Can you not see those two stocks of corn lifting up their heads so grandly, out there in the middle of the field?" That is about the way some people talk about their lives. Twenty acres of weeds with two solitary stocks of corn—twenty, thirty, fifty years of a useless frivolous life with perhaps one or two good actions, which by their contrast only show off the general worthlessness to greater disadvantage.

I have seen and talked to men who have a very fair opinion of themselves. They have a reputation for honesty, or at least they are not considered dishonest. They may once in a while, when it suits them, tell a little falsehood, but you know that is only "sharp." They drive hard bargains, but they are never found guilty of any gross immorality. Then occasionally they will come to church and make an occasional prayer. Sometimes such an one will hear of a poor widow who has no wood for the winter. He will generously haul the widow a load of wood and a sack of potatoes. And he never forgets that load of wood and sack of potatoes. He is continually hinting at this one act of liberality and letting everybody know about it. Now you see a man may have a good quality that he keeps in his show window for the general public to look at, but the true foundation of the man's life will be all wrong. It is often the same old fault that the Lord found in the Pharisees when he denounced them as "whited sepulchres." It is as if a man who owes you a hundred dollars should

bring you a poor, solitary, mutilated, punched quarter to cancel the debt. You say to him, "That won't pay the debt, that is no good." He will reason and retort, "Why do you speak so slightly of my quarter, it is the currency of the nation and not to be undervalued." You reply, "Yes, it is good for what it is worth, but it is not even worth its face value, it is depreciated coin, mutilated and punched. It will not pay off your debt. I cannot give you credit for even a full quarter." We do not undervalue your good deeds, but you must be brought to the knowledge that they will not hide the many, many other deficiencies, that are so prominent in your character.

Come arraign yourself at the bar of conscience this evening. We will permit you to judge your own heart. Let us subpoena the witnesses and let them testify.

First of all we will call *Memory* on the stand. What can this witness testify as to the neglected opportunities that you have allowed to pass by unheeded. How many mercies have you received from the hands of God, for which you have given nothing in return? Unlock the secret chambers of the mind, and let your omissions, ingratitude, selfishnesses form into a procession, see how many there are. They have been growing and increasing for many years, but you have kept them hid from yourself.

Next witness is the *Will*. In the testimony of this witness, we have a confession of many offences that never ripened into acts, merely because of a lack of opportunity. Therefore this is not very creditable to you. Cross-examination only brings out greater evils and exposes the many stubborn spells that have disgraced your life.

Call up the *Passions* next. Now we are told of the many outbursts that were concealed from observation and took place in solitude. How the hatreds and spite that have rankled in the heart for many years, are brought to light as you examine this witness.

Lust steps up and tells a sorrowful tale. The vilest passions that ever blackened the soul of man have been allowed to, manifest themselves uncontrolled, unchecked. As this witness proceeds, what terrible pictures are drawn of virtue trampled upon, of consequent sorrow, anguish and bitterness. But we will draw a veil over this testimony. It is too terrible for the light of heaven.

Covetousness comes next, and tells of the sinful longings, and discontents. How the exposures account for the many irregularities of the life. It is now confessed that many sinful pleasures would have been indulged in, if they had not been so expensive. The witness acknowledged to neglect of duty, and that many urgent appeals of mercy and charity were refused because it would cost a little to answer them. In this testimony a confession was also made to many ingratitude, hard bargains that bordered on dishonesty, falsehoods, misrepresentations, exaggerations and a whole catalogue of other sins.

And lastly, *Reason* comes forward. The dwarfed, emaciated appearance of this witness speaks loudly of the wilful neglect that it has suffered. With tearful eyes, it tells of the many times it has appealed to the better nature of the man. How often these appeals have been repulsed and unheeded.

We will now close the prosecution, and hand the case over to the Jury. We await the verdict—guilty or not guilty? It may be that the Conscience is seared. Remember there is a court of appeal—a higher court. You may be acquitted at the bar of a seared conscience, but the bar of God's truth will render an honest verdict.

Before closing let me warn you to beware of false witnesses. Sometimes we will summon the *Feelings* to testify on our own behalf, and this false witness may testify, "I believe I am all right, because I do not feel so bad." The feelings are not always to be trusted. Let us in rebuttal cross question *Memory* as to the feelings when under conviction. Let every heart now render a faithful verdict. If guilty then throw yourself at the mercy of the supreme court of Heaven.

Please send in your name early for 1886.

"Prophecy Unto Us Smooth Things."

This has ever been the desire of worldlings and hypocrites. They do not wish to be dishonored, disturbed or disgraced. Whatever iniquities they perpetrate, they wish to keep a smooth outside, and maintain a respectability and sanctity. But there is no guise in which the devil is more dangerous than when he appears in angelic form; and if he can hush and gag the servants of the Lord, he can work his mischief at his pleasure.

To expose the deceptions and reveal the snares of the enemy, the Lord sends his servants like burning and shining lights. He bids them to "cry aloud and spare not;" he demands of them that they be honest, frank, outspoken and determined in rebuking wrong and exposing evil.

Such men will be hated and traduced by the crafty and designing, but their record is on high; and when the Lord appears he will bring their judgement to light. They may labor without thanks or reward in this world, but the Turkish proverb is, "Do good and throw it into the sea, and the fishes will find it."

The world has been greatly benefitted by the firm and steadfast testimony of honest and courageous men, who could not be frightened, or bought, or silenced; but who have rebuked iniquities, upheld truth, and have sent forth, by voice and pen, the messages of warning and admonition which God in his mercy has given them. Theirs has been no easy lot, but their work has not been in vain, and they shall not lose their reward when He who "came not to send peace on earth, but a sword," shall come again to bring that peace which shall be abiding and eternal.

Certainty a Ground of Trust.

Were some day nine, and some thirty-six hours in length, we should not know what to depend upon; but God has settled these matters with definiteness, and we can trust in the regularity of natural laws. Not less sure and exact are the provisions of his grace. They are certain. We know where we are coming out at last, if we give ourselves up to the guidance of the Captain of our Salvation, with whom there is no shadow of change.

I was once crossing the Atlantic and had come within three days' sail of the Irish coast. Fog and darkness shut out the sun by day and the stars by night. We had to trust to dead reckoning, that is to the log, the compass, the chart, and other nice nautical computations. Standing by the captain I heard him say on the last of these days, "We ought to see Fasnett Light in twelve minutes!" I took out my watch and waited. We saw the welcome light in just eleven! There, thought I, is a triumph of nautical skill and calculation, to push on so steadily and surely through the darkness, day after day to the point named at. We justly confide in one who has proved himself trustworthy in human affairs, but the witness of God is greater. Why ever distrust him? He has not only fixed the movements of the stars and the tides, but his promises of grace are unchangeable. "He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." If the wisdom of man elicits our admiring praise and confidence, how much more should the grace of God, the infinitely wise, secure at once our homage and love.—DR. R. S. STORRS.

If a canoe be connected by a cord to a distant ship, one in the canoe may draw himself to the ship, if he cannot draw the ship to himself. So, as has been said, is it with prayer. If it does not bring God to man, it will bring man to God. And this is always well for man.—W. P. REED.

Do you feel that you are able to do a nobler and better work than you are doing, and that circumstances compel you to waste your power in the apparently unimportant details of common daily drudgery. Be of good cheer; "circumstances" is often only another name for Divine Providence.

The great ship at sea never thinks of the harbor when the sun is shining and the waves are at rest; it is only when the storm breaks that she discovers her need of a safe shelter. So we must all be shown our feebleness in order that we may seek and acknowledge the safe harbor, Jesus.—MARGRET S. TENNANT.